

# The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 46.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

IS PUBLISHED AT  
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE

AT  
ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY.

PRICE.

\$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Can Costs a line for the first two insertions; Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

NO PUFFING.

Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrangements what ever can be made with them for editorial notices.

S. H.—All communications should be addressed to

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,  
Editor of The New York Saturday Press,  
No. 9 Spruce Street, New York.

[From the New York Sunday Courier.]

A FAILURE TO BE REGRETTED.

We are extremely sorry to find the following announcement in the last SATURDAY PRESS:

In the spirit of frankness which from the beginning has characterized the SATURDAY PRESS, we are compelled this week to say to our readers and friends that the printing station, the paper being out of ability to meet over two years, we find it impossible to continue it unless, in some form or other, we have an immediate increase of means.

The paper has had to expand upon it was exhausted long ago, and but for the interest it naturally excited among a few friends of sound literature and an independent press, we should have had to give it up then.

We trust that it will only be necessary to make this statement for it to bring the aid required to keep the SATURDAY PRESS on its legs. If the friends of religion and good morals can contribute so largely to support such expensive establishments as the Tract and Missionary Societies, we should suppose that there might be some liberal-minded people who would be very glad of the opportunity to contribute to the support of a journal which labors for the good of mankind, though not exactly after the pattern of the Tract Society. The SATURDAY PRESS has been conducted with marked ability, though with a considerable degree of Quixotism. For example, in its valedictorian announcement it says:

"One object we had in starting the SATURDAY PRESS was to do what we could toward putting down the puffing business."

This is pure and undefiled Quixotism. The Knight of La Mancha never entertained a crasser notion. To put down the puffing business is about as sensible an undertaking as to attempt to put down crying babies. Go into the Fifth avenue, and see who live in brown stone fronts, who drive splendid horses, who give good dinners, who spend the Summer months at Newport and Saratoga, who keep yachts, who travel in Europe, who are respected for their private virtues, who get into fat offices, whose jokes are laughed at, who are the sought-after on all festive occasions, who dance with the Prince of Wales, and, in short, have the best of everything, and you will find they are the men who have been in the puffing business. If the SATURDAY PRESS had gone into the puffing business, it would not be at the point of giving up the ghost. But its appeal for assistance is pretty good evidence that it has seen the error of its ways, and is now doing a little gentle puffing on its own account.

[From the Ohio State Journal.]

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

There is no reason why a good newspaper should not be "critically noticed" as well as a stupid book. We regret to learn from the last number of the Press, that its present tendencies are slightly supine. It announces the fact frankly, and defers newspaper usage, as it always has done. Indeed, the issues of the Press have been a series of surprises—more or less agreeable. You never can guess from the temper of one Press what the weather of the next will be. It may thunder or shine,—it may do both. One thing is assured to the reader—it will be true to the thoughts and feelings of its editors and contributors, who never publish the thoughts and feelings of anybody else.

The Press is independent—with a tendency to the cant of independence. In effect, this is the solitary catch-all-of-the-Press. The admirable journal insists that you shall constantly observe its virtue in this respect. If it is anything, it is independent—it wants that understood. But the people are not blind; they perceive an excellence of this sort without being punched up to it!

We had hoped that the Press was a fixed fact in our periodical literature. Without doubt, it is the best literary newspaper in the country. If we have acquired any influence with persons of taste, as journalists of sincerity—we say, subscribe for the Press. We believe that such a newspaper ought not to die—that it will yet experience an interposition of Providence, —that

\* No line of all that lovesliness can fail,  
And fail to formless ruin."

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

The dry leaves, whirling in the breeze,  
Dance the old door-yard cins beneath,  
And the last ringers on the trees  
Join, one by one, the walls of death.  
Some lie becalmed in sheltered nooks,  
Dead surges of a leafy sea,  
Some bind with brown the shining broks,  
Some run mad races on the sea.

They flutter through each windward door,  
Like birds wing-wearied by the storm,  
They skirmish every gust before,  
They fill the woods—a silent swarm,  
But whirling on the air,

Or circling on the forest gray,  
Dead leaves are hivernating fate,  
The symbols of our own decay.

Weird voices in the cedar moon,  
And prophecy Winter near,  
And a sullen quivering sea;

Round through the reeds and broomedge sear,  
Of coming storms the tidings bring,  
The mole delves deeper in the earth,  
The insect world has ceased to sing.

Leaves are rustling in the wood,  
Dry fuel for the Winder fire,  
With quicker step, to warm his blood,  
The farmer moves through barn and byre,  
The wind that shook the tasseled corn  
Among its bare stalks, ghost-like, grieves;  
And everywhere the trees, forlorn,  
Sore mourning for their perished leaves.

The night-frost, with its silvery crust,  
Shall clothe those leaves, and make them fair,  
And spicy odors—they must—  
By day shall scent the woodland air.  
And so, when good man sleep in death,  
Upon their graves a briar lies low,  
And sweater than the dead leaves' breath,  
The memories of their virtuous rise.

—H. Y. Webb Mowry.

A correspondent sends us the following epigram:  
"The name of a married woman is an epithet."

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

[For The New York Saturday Press]

NOW AND THEN.

I.

The Trust.

Leans Hesper from the West and looks  
O'er fragrant fields and bubbling brooks.  
The twilight's pallor, fair and fine,  
Melts to a richness half divine.

The soft low wind sings hummin by,  
To chase some flock across the sky,  
To stir the awns upon the grass,  
To lift my hair, to touch, and pass.

The chimes are swimming on the air,  
The stars flock to be earliest there,  
The world from sunset rolls too slow.  
The cricket chirrups,—and I go.

I see the pool where, dark and still,  
The stream is gathered from the hill.  
I see the pool, and, as I list,  
The thrush betrays our place of trust.

Soon I shall hear a step how dear!  
Soon I shall gain in eyes how clear!  
Soon I shall tremble to that tone—  
Soon feel that warm cheer prove my own!

I know that 'neath the tender sky  
The darling of my soul is nigh.  
And wait till rustling branches part,  
And we stay thrilling heart to heart.

O glowing eyes! O throbbing lips!  
Such shall never taste eclipse.  
What noon this twilight's warmth shall know?  
We love—and life love deepens so!

Yet one sense beats through every kiss,  
Striking a keener edge to bliss:  
We pass—these stars be calm—and still  
The stream be gathered from the hill.

II.

The Pool.

While the day wastes  
And darkness haunts,  
I am apart,  
Let wide gray cloud  
These heavens shroud  
Now my heart!

Put off my crown,  
Life narrows down,  
The kingdom wanes,  
My sad robe shows  
No royal stains.

No sunshine falls  
Upon the walls  
That hedge about.  
No light wind calls  
As sweet night falls.  
To bid me out.

And yet the day  
Should be most gay  
Of Summer's band,  
For brightness bathes  
And perfume swathes  
The blossomed land.

I hear no foot  
Crush flower or root,  
Or pathway-stone,  
No tenderest voice  
Makes love rejoice,  
With dear swift time.

O noontide ray,  
Cease all your play  
In leath and bough!  
Great blue sky,  
Soar not so high,  
But sudden now!

I am alone!  
Alone! Alone!  
Nor more can be,  
Forever buoyed  
In Death's great void  
Eternity.

False! False! . . . The dread  
That hinder led  
Leaves rest instead!  
Soft o'er my head,  
Dark water, trend,  
When I am dead!

HARRIET E. PARSONS.

[From the London Saturday Review.]

THE WASHINGTONS.

The moral and theological novel has long been recognized as a bore, if not as something worse; and it is pretty generally understood by this time, that the proper end and object of fiction is to amuse. If a writer can inform and elevate his readers while he amuses them, all the better; and a really good work of fiction, whatever may be its spirituality, will always be instructive. But an author must always fail more or less signally as a novelist, if his chief purpose is merely to convey useful or curious information under the disguise of romance. Hence the general want of interest even in very clever and painstaking attempts to represent the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly historical or antiquarian. Such tales as Valerius, and Charmonie, and Fabiola, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and

Robert, brave brother!" and she fled back to the house.

"Yes, Eunice, 'brave brother.' Now I deserve thy praise."

The light had gone out. In one moment had I extinguished it with prayer.

Still it sat upon my soul as a heavy weight. What could I do to atone for my crimes?

There was no peace-offering I could present my brother. I was not rich, even had I been it would not satisfy my own heart. One dream haunted my mind forever. O! that I had but one human ear into which I could pour my sorrows and ask for sympathy and advice. There was not one upon earth I could trust, and with all my prayer I had not yet drawn near enough to God.

Three weeks after the marriage my brother and I walked together one morning to the store—generally, as junior clerk, I preceded him. As we entered I saw the partners, Mr. Allen and Mr. Graham, through the glass of the door in their private office. A stranger, whom I did not recognize as any person belonging to the town, was with them. I saw the stranger come to the door, drop the curtain over the sash, and look above it some minutes at my brother and myself. Wilson, I was sure, did not see this. There was something strangely unpleasant in the man, and though I have not seen him since that day, I know I shall always be able to recognise him through life. In about a quarter of an hour after this, Mr. Allen came to the door and called Wilson and myself. Wilson started quickly, locked the safe, and followed me into the office.

Mr. Allen introduced the stranger as Mr. Smith of New York.

What made my brother Wilson stagger and turn so pale. He sat down without looking at the stranger, then immediately rising, bowed distantly, and seemed perfectly at ease.

Mr. Allen it was that spoke: "Gentlemen, we have a very unpleasant subject to consult you on. Mr. Smith, who is an officer, has this morning arrived from New York, with the notes you see lying on the table; they have our names to them, and are forgeries to a large amount. It is only known that these notes have been sold in New York, and the proceeds transmitted to a Mr. Amer. Which of you gentlemen pleads guilty to this?"

What a flood passed over me during the utterance of those words—horror, shame, joy! Yes, joy! There was the cup held to my very lips. I thank Heaven which gave me presence of mind, that I might drink. There was not one moment's hesitation. Looking Mr. Allen in the eye, I said "Twas I."

My brother started toward me. I put out my hand to keep him away, I saw he was choking with words. In a moment, if he spoke, my plan would be lost. With my hand extended, I continued:

"I want no sympathy. I alone am guilty. I prosecute my brother. He knew nothing of this. Upon me be the shame."

And then, turning to the officer, I said:

"I am your prisoner."

My brother had fallen upon the floor in a faint, and Mr. Graham was trying to revive him. I was convinced then, and there, that Smith the officer knew the truth. He looked through me, and I, cringing foot that I was, cast an imploring glance at him, that might understand if he had divined my secret that I was begging him to keep it. I was young then, and did not know how little he cared who was the guilty one, so that he got a prisoner, and his pay for the rule and shame.

What employment can there be on earth like this—the 'Detective Officer'? While there is any labor of mind or body still to be executed upon earth, does it not seem strange that men will take such an occupation? There is nothing sacred to this man. Death has no terror,—unless it comes to his own person. The moans, the tears of the wife, mother, sister, and child, over the lost, the fallen, have no weight save when we view them as a benefit to himself. He is at war with all society; a Pariah in the midst of his kind; a weaver of sorrows, who counts them by dollars and cents; the most degraded of all human kind—a Thief-catcher!"

The next hour I saw my father, dear old man! I had never seen him weep before; but I had no tears to mingle with his; I was cold and impulsive. I had no further confession to make; only that one answer to all his questions: I was guilty. I declined entering into any particulars.

My brother Wilson was raving with a brain fever next morning. This I heard from my father, who came to see me at the prison. I could only kiss his wrinkled hand, and ask his forgiveness.

Then came Eunice. I had hoped to have been spared this. She came. What a change had that single day wrought; where was the soft smile? Gone! The ruddy cheek, the bright eye? Gone, gone! She gave me her hand, and I raised it to my lips; it was cold as marble, and Eunice's teeth chattered as she spoke to me. I remember but one question:

"Brother Robert, are you guilty?"

"I am guilty," I answered; and then I fell in agony upon my knees before Eunice, not to ask her forgiveness, but to plead with her not to come to me, or ever to see me again. This I besought her, as the only, the last sacrifice she could make me, in this world. With a bursting heart, but without a tear, she yielded—she promised. And Eunice went forth from my prison cell, and since that hour I have not beheld her. They bore me tidings every day of my brother Wilson. The first week after my arrest he had required continual watching; he had called upon me by name, and struggled to get away from his keeper, that he might come to me. Now he was quiet, alarmingly so; he never spoke, refused by the most piercing cry to be removed from his bed, did not recognise any one, but seemed to have lost all memory and mental power. The physicians said it was the reaction from a great shock, and time and care would restore him. Friends came to me. I knew curiosity was their motive, and soon I refused to see them. My father offered to enter hall for me and told me to fly. I would not save myself by his ruin. I refused counsel, I knew it could but prolong the end. There was no hope, I had confessed my guilt, and if I had not it could be proved against me, and so my mind was decided. There was nothing left but a conviction. I accepted it.

The day of trial came. It was rarely the inhabitants of the little town had an opportunity for anything approaching excitement. The schedule of crime for years had not risen above petty larceny. It was therefore a gala-day, when the son of Squire Amer was to be arraigned for a heavy crime.

I could see as I gazed from the windows of the carriage, that the town was alive. A crowd of shouting boys followed us, and another of men blew their scald breath into my face as I passed from the carriage to the court-room. A confused murmur of voices was about me, a noise, these. I could discern figures sitting about. I knew that many spoke to me, but I knew not whether they were answered. I could recognise faces that seemed to me familiar in dreams, way off in the distance, time, long, long ago, a century, perhaps, or more. I saw the judge upon the bench—a grave, white-haired man, and for an instant caught his eye. It said to me, "Fly, play! so young! but I must do my duty." And then I heard him say,

"Who is the counsel to this case?"

"There is no counsel, there is no defense, the plea is Guilty." Then I could hear a murmur of disgust and despondency go up from the crowd who had been disappointed of their amusement, and the echo of the older callings—"Huzza!" and the cheer of the younger that any of the nobility of the land had been captured, and that there was no defense.

The trial of the case began. The court was

of seven years." Seven years! it was too short a time. Why did he not say seven years? I could not die in seven years. Let me hope, perhaps I may. Another beam and ham, and I was taken again to my cell until removal to the State prison next day. I think I slept better that night than I had before since my arrest. The trouble was principally over; I had only one point to fail. I had charged all, that is none as my brother Wilson had sufficiently recovered to speak with any one, a letter I had written should be given to him. In this letter I charged him by everything that was sacred, by all the past, by his care for my life and my hereafter, to come to me, to let me see him and converse with him, before he breathed a word to my living soul.

I was stretched upon my pallet the morning after my trial, when the padlock clanked against the door. It was an unusually early hour for any one to enter my cell. I only thought it was the call for my departure, to change my confinement for one more lenient. I sprang to my feet and received in my arms my dear old father. He could not speak; he only cried aloud like a child and held paper in his hand. The keeper who had opened the door, it was he who said, "A pardon!"

A pardon from the Governor! I was not thankful. No! then I was not. But God doth all things well. Mechanically I went forth into the pure air of heaven. My father sobbed and cried all the way. I shed not a tear. Why should I weep? I had been debarred of my due.

My father wished to carry me home,—my dear father! He talked of all his plans for the future,—how I was to be reinstated with Allen & Graham, who were to forget all the past, and give back my old position in their confidence,—how the notes had been paid. All would be well. But poor Wilson was yet speechless, and the old man's tears broke out afresh. I was cold to every word that said stay. I only consented, under his tears, to go to the old homestead for a day or two, on condition that nobody saw me during that time,—no one save himself and the old house-keeper, who had always been to me as a mother. I declared to my father my unalterable intention to leave home, to leave the country, and seek in another land forgetfulness of the past. I was cold to every word that said stay. I only consented, under his tears, to go to the old homestead for a day or two, on condition that nobody saw me during that time,—no one save himself and the old house-keeper, who had always been to me as a mother. I declared to my father my unalterable intention to leave home, to leave the country, and seek in another land forgetfulness of the past.

Two days I staid in my father's house. In this time I wrote a long letter to Wilson, telling him of all the past,—my love for Eunice, my criminal thought against her and against himself, my joy of the bearing the burden of his guilt. I told him I was happy, and in conclusion, swore that if ever he betrayed my secret, I would curse him unto death. This letter I left in the hands of my father, to be given to Wilson whenever he was able to receive it. Another I left for himself, telling him to look upon his son Robert as dead. And the next morning at daylight, I stole noiselessly into the old man's room, kissed his hand, and went out to the world to begin my life.

And now it is the 21st of January, 1861, and I sit here by the inn window, and look down upon the old scene, and O! with what different thoughts than when I last gazed upon it every well-known locality. My father is dead; he died in August last. My father still lives. My father is very old; seventy-eight, he will be, in a few weeks. Eunice lives; she has two children; the oldest is named after myself—Robert Amer.

I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have made no effort to attain wealth, but it has been in hidden upon me. I came last from St. Petersburg, where I have been now for four years. It was here my father and Wilson first heard of me, and wrote. My father's letters implored me to return home, that I might be with him when he passed into the silent land. He bade me come and inherit the old man's savings. He said that Wilson had prospered,—that he was beginning to be thought the richest man in town. Wilson wanted nothing from his father; it was all reserved for me.

Wilson also wrote me to the same end. He was, he said, in bad health, he had never entirely recovered his shock. He said that I would return, he was only living until he could throw himself at my feet, thank me, bless me, confess all, and die.

My answer to my father was my blessing, and promise that I would visit him at some future time in this world or the next, and the remittance of a very large sum, which I begged he would invest as he saw fit, and use the income in any way he pleased. If he had no use for it himself, let it be bestowed in charity.

To Wilson I did not write. I sent through my father's words of love and affection to him and to Eunice. I determined in my own mind never to return home until Wilson was dead.

In October last, I received the intelligence of his death. I had, from his declining health, been expecting it, still when it came I was shocked, and could not for a long time recover. With it came several letters from my father and from Eunice. On his deathbed Wilson had told all; all but my criminality. He had produced my parting letter, and died leaving all his property in my hands, to be disposed of as I saw fit. Eunice's letter was very short, every word was written with a trembling hand; but it still said, "Come! come! come!"

I must go home. I am here; to-morrow I shall see my dear old father, and Eunice. I stay here to-night, that I may look upon the town, and collect myself. I have thoroughly examined my heart, and know that all the past is blotted out that touches my first love for Eunice. I shall only look upon her as a darling sister, and I sincerely pray I may never think of her in any other light.

To-morrow I shall see all them, including my two nephews, Robert and Wilson, whom I am prepared to love in advance. "Good night!"

First of February.—I open this paper again to say that I have been at home ten days to-day. In that time I have lived ten years. I have seen all, and it seems scarcely possible that ten years have passed away. My dear father looks younger than when I went from home. There is nothing altered in the town. The old house has been a public place for this town. Every body has insisted on calling to see me whether I wished to be at home or not. They have pressed upon me all sorts of rough and kind congratulations. I have received bunches of potatos, apples, and turnips, in presents, to say nothing of cabbages and other delicacies. Mr. Allen and Mr. Graham, have been to see me. Old Mr. Allen cried a little bit, but made no reference to the past. All is known; for which I grieve deeply. I would rather the secret had been kept, and I left abroad in the midst of all my happiness. I still doubt myself. They are fine boys, my nephews. Robert is nine years old, Wilson seven. I shall make a son of Robert;—that is, sounds presumption, but I speak as one who is left sole guardian of the boys, and I see a son who is to be the heir of the house, and Robert to such a calling. He desired to me yesterday his intense admiration for the character of Napoleon; who knows but he may be a second Napoleon. Wilson will make a merchant. My dear old father believes this. He cannot seem to be disgusted with my society. His strongest ambition is to carry me triumphantly through the surrounding country introducing to me those who already knew me.

"My son, Sir. Only thirty-two years old." And then notes vom, "Has been ten years abroad sir, and made a quarter of a million." I am indeed very happy to think my good fortune is a source of pleasure to him, though his simple wants will not call for his wants.

And, I have seen Eunice. Eunice is still more beautiful than when I last left her. She is twenty-eight this day, it is her birthday. So young to have left through so much. Recently, however, she has had some small, beautiful wrinkles. In the course of time, I expect to be rid of all my wrinkles, and to be as young as the day I left her.

"I have no friends in this country." And I answered as though I talked to one for whom

she would never notice me, another ten years. All is now forgotten.

"I passed the winter of the year in Europe, and visited nearly to the north of the Arctic Circle. I had not heard of my arrival, and she grieved for my loss, and when I told her I was still living, she was delighted.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" The boy stood silent. "O! Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and stopped for time to catch breath. "Robert! Robert! Uncle Robert! Uncle Robert!" The boy stood silent. "O! Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O! Robert! dear, Robert!" and again she fell into my arms. I believe I said, "Dear Eunice!" in fact I did not. And Eunice wept and knelt before me.

"O!

pared, though we hasten to condemn not simply its bad taste and inertistic effect, but its gross vulgarity and stupid impertinence.

We subjoin specimens:

" Heroic mind," p. 72.  
" Manly heart," p. 72.  
" The cause of liberty, as ever the Great Hypocrite for science," p. 74.  
" Whose generous and exquisite literary grace all the world over," p. 76.

Mrs. CHAPMAN. " Her thoughts like a tear, crystalline, like gold in a mountain stream."

ANGELINA AND SARAH GARNETT. " Carolines, who know what she was, and know how to make the heart's light upon it," p. 74.

ERINIAN GREEN. " A bold, hard, stern, resolute, turbulent, torrent of brave speech," p. 74.

EDWARD QUINCY. " With a spirit of frankness, generosity, with the best spirit of the days of Queen Anne in his thought and style," p. 76.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. " What he said was good, but for him, to the air of America," p. 74.

FRANCIS JAMES. "With words like morning," p. 74.  
CHARLES M. FARRAR. "A cold, hard, stern, resolute, turbulent, torrent of brave speech," p. 75.

KENNETH. "A strong, frank, generous, with the best spirit of the days of Queen Anne in his thought and style," p. 76.

CHARLES. "Inscrutable, splendid-spoken, mad soul of bootless oratory," p. 76.

THOMAS PARKER. "Gigantic in learning, courage, devotion to man, and to God," p. 80.

PARKER PELLMETT. "A man whose words rock like the Prowler of War, and smote with a fatal," p. 84.  
etc., etc., etc.

We dismiss this novel with almost unequalled disapprobation. As a master of absolute justice there is very little to be said in its praise. If the vigor of moral enthusiasm, the charm of poetic fancy, and the liberal use alike of theories, adjectives, and personalities, are such merits in a novel as entitle it to critical applause, then perhaps there will be recognition and reward for the novel of "Harrington." Each one to his taste. We do not believe that any intelligent critic can approve a novel which is at once unfortunate in conception, feeble in design, unphilosophical in spirit, unnatural in characterization, commonplace in plot, and written in a style so intense and spasmodic that the entire book seems to be more like a cat in a fit than anything else we can just now remember.

*Thoughts and Things.*

BY ADA CLARE.

The Many-colored Joke.

The joke is the tyrant and the slayer of conversation. It tramples upon anecdote, slanders argument, and sets its foot upon the neck of narrative.

Of course I refer to mere superficial, unmeaning play upon words.

I might imagine a specimen example of the thing, as practiced by the licensed joke-writer.

I remark, for instance, on the lovely color of Laura Keene's hair.

Tip replies—being high above all interest in human hair—I am glad to hear you say so.

" Lip remarks, that is her golden hair(hairtage)."

Pip. Pip. Pip. Sip, Dip, and the rest of the joking-men go to add their cruel puns, till I, disgusted and sore, am obliged either to practise voluntary dumbness, or to sail upon the soft streams of garment and dress-general, which I thank thee, Jove! the punsters are too lothy to mutilate.

When the punsters have all rested and applauded each other, I meekly try to introduce another subject. I select the simplest, the most one-sided, the baldest words, in order to offer no bait to the fishes. But I hope in vain: before I have concluded my innocent remark, I am laid lifeless on the floor of conversation, by one of the most basefaced and shameless puns it has ever come into the mind of man to conceive.

I did but enough in tender innocency, the superiority of home-made bread, when a being calling himself a poet and a man of feeling, replied that "bread is very much kneaded (needed)." After this, there is no pro-methion heat that can my light relume.

I see no reason why the punsters should not manufacture among themselves a hand-book of punning. Or an encyclopediad, or an almanac, or a dictionary of the pun general. The puns would admit of very easy application, as they vary very little, follow arbitrary rules, and like strict conservatives, cling tenaciously to the procedure of the past. In consideration of which last fact the professional punster is touchingly devoted to the annals of antiquity.

Had I time, I might enumerate a large number of venerable puns, but they will probably all appear in the new volume which I have suggested, "Punning without a master."

There is a class of popular jokes, which I shall refer to, only by presenting a specimen of the same. Let Silas for instance, observe that he loves such an one, because that one calls out his (Silas's) good qualities. Silas who is present, immediately answers, with a smashing assumption of originality and wit, "Ah! it's a pity that he could not be kept always near you, Silas." Silas is a man of great ability, he despises the common-place in others, yet he cannot resist the temptation of parading this mould and worn-out witlessness, this feeble two-pence worth of grin-making, out to the public eye. Such is the force of evil habit and evil communication.

Think how many pert and silly answers Silas might have made to that—but he did not.

On the other hand there is a quality called humor, which I love as much as I fear the other. This is the quality which ornaments the grim common-place of life, with a drapery of green and sun-lightened ivy. It extracts the sting from the irritating pettinesses of every day living. How much easier all annoyances are to bear, if you are able to extract from them one quaint idea, one thumb-full of natural laugh. Just when parties of three are about to break up in dreadful tumult, if one of them gently bring forward a comic view of the subject, peace is restored, and anger and pride and envy go back to their cells.

For this reason the picnic, the marriage, the journey, the dinner-party are unsafe, woe to befall us, unless the humorous element is alive in them. But the jokewriters scorn and loathe this humor.

I am apt to take extreme views on all subjects, so I think humor is the smiling, rounded, flesh-filled form, while the pun, the word-tickling is the grinning, vacant, empty skeleton.

There is an inquisition established in our liberal land,—it's for the tormenting of words. They are thumb-screwed, hung up with weights, roasted in slow-fires, broken on the wheel, unjoined on the rack, in order that they may yield witness, which their souls cry out against.

I am carrying a bottle of sulphuric acid in my pocket, and the first person who asks me in a pastry-cook's shop if I am "piously handled," I am going to distribute it over his countenance, and send him forth branded, a Cain among the punsters.

THE HARVARD HISTORIANS.

In the official history of President Felton's Inauguration, we notice that the false statement of the cause why the day was appointed for the 19th of July, is again put forward as true. In the report of the after-dinner speeches, allusion is made to the fact that President Felton lost his temper, and spoke of the students as persons whose blinding he did not regard, is omitted. It is perhaps not to be expected that these truths would have been permitted in the official history.

The fact that they are not there, is however worthy of notice, if only to show the worthlessness of what is generally called history. The volume contains a full report of the speeches made by the invincible and irreproachable persons who are always on hand and ready to get on their feet, while the real facts of the inauguration, the facts from which we hope a change will be made in the management of the College, are passed over in silence.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

XIII.

The fugitive slave-Bill passed by Congress in 1850, gave me the first insight into the mysteries of the political wrangling, and also into the political conspiracies and tendencies of my adopted country.

It was a stunning blow to my European ideas, to my theoretical conceptions, to my former studies and speculations upon American institutions.

To see a political body which was considered as an emanation of the loftiest and purest conception of manhood, a body which the simple but ardent faith of progressive Europe considered as the leader of a great nation in its onward march to higher and higher destinies, to see a congress which was itself created by the declaration of human rights, deliberately and by law dredged freemen into slave-hunters, was something I had not expected.

For centuries, during even the terrible throes of her painful and slow disengagement from slavery and servitude, civilized Europe treated slave-hunting with scorn and branded it with infamy.

Yet now, statesmen and orators, whose names, when in the old world, I had learned to venerate, proposed such a law, and exhausted their ingenuity to find arguments in support of a measure which would not only make Europeans shudder, but would be revolting to the savage Tschetchenians of Caucasus, or the prowling Bashkirs of the Asiatic steppes, all of whom have renounced slave-hunting, keeping, and trading.

The Hapsburgs, the Haynau, the Bombs, were at once overshadowed.

History recording this law, in this frosty country and in this nineteenth century, will class it with the most cursed legal and despotical measures, which blot the annals of our race.

The exponents and teachers of the Gospel put the Bible upon the rack and tortured it in behalf of an anti-Christian covenant, forgetting the teaching of the Apostle to be the servants of men, and his advice that "if servitude is to be supported with patience, it is still better to become free."

The majority of the Faculty of Harvard College sustained the fugitive slave-bill, and this was another disappointment to me, since the faculties of the Continental Universities are mostly on the side of absolute justice and liberty.

To cap the whole, the majority of the students, the youth whom the immortal Humboldt calls, "the indomitable, primeval, self-restoring institution of mankind," was rowdy at the meetings, and hooted the high-minded and dauntless Emerson, when he branded the law as monstrous.

I think it likely, nevertheless, that his Romeo was as well done as any woman could do it.

It was, at any rate, a good representation of what many women think a man ought to do when the tender passion "gets a hold on him," though I notice he very rarely does it; and when he does, generally gets set out in the cold.

It might have been different in the older time, though I doubt it.

At all events, Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Gran White, O'Connor (or whoever it was that wrote Romeo and Juliet), evidently never contemplated any such Romeo as Miss Cushman's.

Why, then, do people rush to see it?

You there have me.

I suppose, however, for pretty much the same reason that they rush to see Forrest's Othello. Because there is really some very fine declamation in it (as declamation goes), and because it presents such a splendid offset to ordinary everyday love-making, which, in comparison, is about as tame and unpoetic (with all due respect to Walt Whitman) as hay-making.

I observe that people take to the same sort of thing in novels. It doesn't answer to anything they ever saw or experienced in actual life; but it is noisy, and funny, and full of action,—and so like it.

All I wish is that, as the ministers say, they would go home and practice it.

Giovanni says it would be "splendid"; for although she has had men making love to her ever since she was a child (and you wouldn't wonder at it, General, if you could only see her), she is satisfied that they none of them ever understood the art, since any youth had ever approached her in the Cushman-style.

Since that day, my faith in the people of the free States, and in the so-called exclusive respectability, has remained unabated, and up to this time I have found no reason to repent it.

There may be truly respectable men on the other side of the question, and also on the other side of Mass. and Dixons' line.

A muddy pool contains microscopic atoms of pure water, but for the common eye, as well as for all ordinary purposes, such atoms are lost.

The more I study and think about slavery as it is now defended by its champions, the more am I sorry that I do not possess a consolatory belief in Hell.

If I did I should be sure that below the deepest regions of Dante's Inferno will be the abode of all the European-born supporters of slavery, then of the pro-slavery Rabbis, Doctors, Pharisees, Parsons of all creeds, whether tonsured and wearing purple, or dressed in black with white neck-ties. Among them would be mingled the supporters of slavery by principle in the Free States, and next to them the extensionists, and the chivalrous and furious supporters of the institution.

The poor African would go to the place occupied by Lazarus, and I should pray that he should not act towards the burning Pharisee as the Lazarus in Scripture did.

Only think, General, of Cushman doing the Deedsome to Forrest's Othello!

There'd be love-making for you.

But then it ought to be done in the Bowery, where they understand such matters better, and where the audience would be more in keeping with that style of thing.

It can't be put through with proper elocut without a good deal of responsive bowing and weeping and gnashing of teeth from before the curtain.

I remember having seen Forrest, once, when the reciprocal bowing and moaning were such as to remind one of nothing but an awful storm at sea, with the ship struggling her way along under bare poles, the wind whistling and screaming through her dismantled rigging, the waves dashing all over her, and everything going to the devil.

Well, it wasn't so bad, after all, and when I left the theatre, I had to get a policeman to show me the way home.

There's a tribute to genius!

So much, General, for Cushman and Forrest, both of whom continue to draw crowded houses and will continue to do so for a month or two longer, when we shall grant a reprieve for at least three years, and the Subcriber will be once more happy.

At present he relieves himself by going to Laura Keene's to see "The Hypochondriac," which exactly suits his state of mind, and which, besides, is better played than any other piece now on the city boards.

Why it doesn't fill the house every night, I can't understand.

The star of the piece, this time, is not Laura herself (who, nevertheless, does a simple soubrette with exceeding grace and spirit), but Mrs. Allen, who has revealed new and brilliant qualities in the rôle of an ingenue, her performance of which has never been surpassed on the New York stage. Nothing could be more natural and simple, and yet nothing more artistic.

Burnet, also, plays in this piece better than ever before; and so on, in parts, do Peters and Mrs. Brown. Brown, I think, could be dispensed with.

Generally speaking.

He is worse than Jenkins, Burton and Miss Wilmoughby sing well enough for a small party, and I suppose that is all The Hypochondriac expects of them.

Lessois, who is one of my favorites, has a part not at all suited to him, but makes the most of it he can, though I don't see why he should do it with one leg.

The pulmonary business is disagreeable enough on the stage, even when it is obligatory.

But these are small matters.

The Hypochondriac is splendidly performed, and I am surprised to see how well it is kept on another week.

Go and see it, General.

You, moderately (because you won't do as I tell you).

QUELQUES.

EDITORIAL SELF-REFLECTION.

The Sunday Courier says that "to put down the putting business is about as sensible an undertaking as to attempt to put down crying babies"; in other words that putting like crying is an ordinance of Nature, and that to make war against it is not only ridiculous but merciless.

But we apprehend that all the truth in the Courier's incongruous remark may be summed up in the statement that it is as natural for some people to put off what is well for it, as it is for others to thief to steal, or for liars to tell untruths. There are good many things in this world which are natural, without being on that account particularly commendable. For instance, our friend Morris says that it is natural for birds (and he might have added beasts) to fly.

But the real fact of the thing is, that the putting business is as natural for some people as the crying babies.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

And the Courier's self-reflection is as natural for it as the putting business is for some people.

It is natural for the human species to be born with a natural instinct to put off what is well for it.

